

"BOBBIE McDUFF," the great serial by CLINTON ROSS.



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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The veteran leader of the Cuban military forces, with the same skill as that displayed by Maceo, goes wheresoever he chooses, despite Spanish opposition. The sketches for this picture were made when General Gomez was planning his recent passage through the Spanish military line, or trocha.

## GOMEZ AT A COUNCIL OF WAR.

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

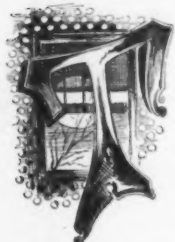
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## Business Depression.



usual of the immediate outlook.

THE last year closed with the business of the country in a general condition of depression. This was accentuated by the failure, during the holiday season, of several large banks and business houses in various parts of the country, particularly in the middle West. These failures have caused pretty nearly all the pessimists in the land to take a more gloomy view than

Just after the election in November we called the attention of the country to the unwisdom—yes, the folly—of stimulating a business boom merely upon the strength of Major McKinley's election. We pointed out the fact that that election, though it saved us from national disgrace and complete commercial confusion, created no wealth whatever, though it did inspire a surer confidence in the integrity of our institutions. We pointed out also the danger of booms generally, and of stimulated booms particularly, and made what plea we could for conservative action by the time-honored and well-tried method—slow and sure.

Now, it seems that the failures we have alluded to have each and all of them been the result of booms, or of even more unsafe business methods. If a bank go into a merely speculative railway venture in the hope that the growth of a neighborhood or section will secure the bank's loans and net a great profit besides, such action is unwarranted both by law and by reason. And the same may be said of banks that lend large sums of money to their own directors. Through such courses the banks that have recently closed their doors were laid low.

In a certain sense the discovery of such unlawful proceedings is a reflection upon the business methods that prevail in this country. But we know that such methods do not generally prevail; we know they have never been general. Therefore we cannot join with the pessimists, and we will not be cast down.

Banks and business houses which do business in unsafe and unlawful ways deserve to fail. Every time one of them is closed up the commercial air is cleared to an extent corresponding to the importance of the institution that fails. Instead of feeling depressed on account of the recent occurrences in Chicago and elsewhere, we think that there is now a fairer prospect than before of a business revival.

But business will not revive in a day; it will not revive in a week. The better times that are to come, and come to stay, must come slowly and be the result of a conservative and careful building up of the confidence of the people in one another and their entire faith that wise laws for the preservation of property and personal rights will be firmly enforced.

This is not a time for depression of spirit or idle repining, and in this beautiful world the pessimist should be shoved into the gloomy shade where he rightly belongs.

## Road Improvement.

THE good stone roadway in the United States, according to the computation of General Roy Stone, the accomplished

engineer of the bureau of roads of the Department of Agriculture, was increased during 1896 by one thousand miles. This seems little enough until we remember that at the end of 1895 the good stone roadway in the country did not exceed one thousand miles. If we should continue at this rate it would take more generations than we have patience to think of before the reproach of bad roads could be lifted from our country. But if the good roads could

be increased in this proportion each year—that is, doubled—we should soon accomplish something worth while.

There is unquestionably a widespread desire for good roads in this country, but the people are hampered by the cost and hindered by the apprehension of too heavy taxes. And then, notwithstanding all the agitation and all the recent literature on the subject, the people at large are still dreadfully ignorant. One ignorant set think that road improvement means the universal substitution of macadam pavement for dirt roads; another ignorant party is deluded with the idea that the macadam pavement makes the dirt

road unnecessary. Both of these parties are as wrong as possible, and hurt the cause they seek to advance.

In answer to one false idea it may be said that every macadam pavement should be paralleled with a well-drained dirt road. A good dirt road is pleasanter to use eight months in the year than a macadam pavement. And during that time is just the period when a macadam road is injured by travel. It is in dry and hot weather that the macadam pavement is worn by traffic.

Then again, macadam pavements could not be built in five hundred years to replace all our dirt roads. And it would not be well, anyhow.

If we could teach the country people to make these dirt roads properly and then drain them sufficiently, they would answer every purpose. But how to do this is the question. One way suggests itself at once. Let county societies be formed and prizes offered for the best district in each township. This would conduce to thought and study. To make a good dirt road and keep it in repair is so easy that none but a simpleton could fail to understand proper instruction.

This is a hint to the organized wheelmen and the Department of Agriculture as well. But there is no suggestion whatever in this hint that the highways should not have a stone pavement over a part of each such road—a stone pavement paralleled by a well-drained dirt road.

## The Murder of Maceo.

I.

SPAIN dances in her fierce, hyena glee

Above the murdered form of Maceo.

Behold the way a coward meets her foe!

But Maceo is victor, and not she;

Hers the defeat and his the victory:

For when he fell with her assassin blow

He gained the guerdon only martyrs know;

She crowned a thousand years of infamy.

He stands among the illumined of the years,

And he has gained his place upon the roll

Of the undying saviors of the race;

But she, once more, has drowned the world in tears

And shown how deep a craven nation's soul

Can wallow in the slime of its disgrace.

II.

Doubt not a state was born when Maceo died;

A new and strong republic in the West

Sprung into being when he found his rest:

For every blood-drop from his bleeding side

Shall rise, a thousand times re-multiplied,

An armed man. The wounds upon his breast

Shall speak like trumpets, and from crest to crest,

And through a awakened world sound far and wide.

Cuba is free; to doubt her freedom now

Is blackest atheism of the heart:

Cuba is free—his dying makes her free.

A little while and not a Spanish prow

The waters round her headlands shall dispart,

Or vex the peace of her inviolate sea.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

## The Line-and-Staff Fight in the Navy.



UST when the most complete harmony is needed in all branches of the navy the old quarrel between line and staff has begun again to rage furiously. It is about to be transferred to Congress. The representatives of the people will talk and talk and talk over the justice or injustice of increasing or diminishing the force of engineers on our war-ships, and haggle and wrangle over whether engineers shall be called lieutenants, or commanders, or captains, or admirals. Congress may decide that this quarrel amounts to no more than that, and indifferently agree to compromise.

But it is no time for compromise. The possibility of grave foreign complications forbids it. The quarrel between line and staff is insignificant of itself. Congress should bundle it out of doors. There is just one way of doing it. Congress should consider one question and no other: "How can we make our war-ships most effective as fighting-machines?" If Congress favors putting highly-educated men at mere mechanical work, such as pushing levers and watching gauges and steam-pumps, by all means increase the number of expert engineers and call them admirals, great moguls, or anything else. Put yards and yards of lace and piles and piles of epaulets on their overalls, and let them use broadcloth instead of cotton waste in rubbing the journals. Will the ships go faster? Will they stop and back quicker? Will steam be gotten up quicker, and will repairs be made more speedily? Will the ships fight better for it? No.

Let these experts be taken out of the engine-room. Let their uniforms be seen at all times. Let them have titles that smell of powder and not of grease. Let their education be trained on the enemy. Let their intelligence be put at work that will be felt the most, outside as well as inside the ships. Let expert engine-drivers get up steam, pull levers, watch gauges, tubes, and journals. Then will our

ships fight at their best. That is what the ships are for. Congress should be made to see this point. This petty bickering should be stopped at once. The engineers are responsible for the appearance of this miserable conflict in Congress. If it shall be settled now for all time it is well, perhaps, that it is thrust before the attention of the people and their representatives. To continue the quarrel is to continue a public disgrace.

## The Thanks of the Cuban Junta.

THE Cuban Junta in New York is a body of distinguished representatives of the cause of freedom, with official authority to represent in this country the side of the insurgents and to further in every proper way the interest of Cuban independence.



PRESIDENT PALMA.

Of this body Señor T. Estrada Palma is the efficient and patriotic president, as he is also the accredited minister to this country of the republic of Cuba. This distinguished Cuban, who was the first president of the Cuban republic, has just sent the following letter to the editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

PARTIDO REVOLUCIONARIO CUBANO DELEGACION.

"NEW YORK, December 30th, 1896.

"To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

"DEAR SIR:—I have read with great pleasure your articles on Cuba in your last week's issue. Your illustrations, especially that of Maceo, are strikingly life-like, and I cannot forbear expressing to you my appreciation and at the same time my thanks, not only for the interest your paper shows in Cuba, but for the just, yet calm, position you take in relation to the Cuban question.

"You may rest assured of our steadfastness, our earnestness, our patriotism, and our self-sacrifice to secure the avowed object of our revolution—the independence of Cuba.

"Very truly yours, T. ESTRADA PALMA."

The Cuban cause should appeal to lovers of liberty with irresistible force. No people in modern times have been called upon to endure a more pitiless bondage than our neighbors across the Gulf of Mexico.

Americans at this time should remember that when we struggled for our liberties we could never have succeeded had not the pleadings of Franklin won friends and help in France. Palma is in this country to-day as Franklin was in France one hundred and twenty years ago.

Remembering this, our people should do what they can for oppressed, for bleeding, Cuba. Just now we wait the official action of our government, which cannot be long delayed. Meantime individual aid should be given. The Cubans need money and everything that money can buy. This we should give to them, each lover of liberty contributing according to individual ability. To facilitate the sending of such assistance LESLIE'S WEEKLY will receive subscriptions from the readers of this paper and from all others who hate oppression. Let money be sent in large or small amounts to the editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and it will be acknowledged and promptly turned over to President Palma.

Viva Cuba libre!

## Housework as a Beautifier.

It is not probable that anything can be said which will make housework popular. The drudgery and homeliness of sweeping, dusting, dish-washing, and cooking have little in common with the æsthetic tendencies of the age. Even when attired in the daintiest fabrics which can appropriately be worn, with all modern appliances at command, and with hands neatly gloved, a woman doing housework, though she may be doing it for pleasure or from principle rather than from necessity, is too apt to feel herself degraded. The reproach of "kitchen-knave," which Lynette flung back to Gareth, has clung, since time began, to the household worker. A genuinely intelligent woman, who, losing her property, was obliged to serve her household with her own hands, complained bitterly of the horrible humiliation and ignominy which she suffered. New England is the stronghold of independent labor, where women mould bread and read Browning at the same time, and it is probable that more real ladies do their own housework there than in any other quarter of the globe; yet even there, in spite of cooking-schools and "domestic associations," the observer detects a growing dislike to housework. Girls will go into mills or shops, or will almost starve, before they will enter domestic service. It is the exception to find in any large town a woman who, with the means to employ a servant, fails to do it. Having thus saddled their household labor upon another, these women proceed to search outside for the physical exercise which they acknowledge is necessary to keep themselves in good condition. They ride, they play tennis, they spin off on bicycles, patronize gymnasiums, and devise all sorts of artificial substitutes for the healthful activities of their home, which had also behind them economy and family comfort to recommend them.

James Russell Lowell says somewhere of this natural development, as displayed in a workingman: "How much more admirable is this tawny vigor, the fruit of downright toil, than the



GENERAL ROY STONE.

crop of early muscle which heads out under the glass of the gymnasium!"

A similar superiority is clearly shown in the woman who, while not overworking, has still pursued a round of household duties in her home. There is nothing like regular housework for strengthening the muscles and developing the figure. The variety of posture and the rapid changes required promote roundness and plumpness without flabbiness. No amount of tennis nor practice on the parallel-bars will produce the vigor and grace which result from two or three hours of housework each day. It is hard and confining to attempt to do all the labor for a family every day in the year. Such a life means that and nothing more. Women are not to blame for trying to escape from it. But there is no need of giving up all housework because a part must be relinquished. The woman who will spend two or three hours of each morning in sweeping, bed-making, and dish-washing, and will then rest and read or sew at her leisure for two or three hours more, will excel all others at out-door sports in the afternoon.

"But," it will be objected, "no maid will do these daily duties if the mistress or her daughters once assume them. If one of the family undertakes the care of the parlors, she is bound to do that, or else hire an extra maid to undertake it if she attempts to break her bonds for a single day. And then, the hands! Washing dishes reddens and roughens the hands—for one cannot do it all with a dish-mop, and gloves amount to little in that sort of work. A woman with red, rough hands finds it hard to take her place in society."

In households where two or three servants are kept the problem usually becomes harder instead of easier. It increases, in fact, with the complexity of the household arrangements and social responsibilities. The contention is doubtless a useless one, but it may still be truthfully asserted that for healthfulness (which almost always means for clearness of complexion), for beauty of figure, and for genuine, wholesome satisfaction with life, there is nothing like housework, if it be done under proper conditions.

### People Talked About.

—Why do the faithful so rage against poor Mr. Hopkinson Smith because he speaks of the Armenians as he saw them, and does not agree with the views of Mrs.



MR. HOPKINSON SMITH.  
Photograph by Sarony.

Julia Ward Howe and the philanthropists of Boston? The latest resolution of Mrs. Howe's association put Mr. Smith on a pedestal alongside of the great assassin. And yet Mr. Smith is an observant man, who has been in Armenia, and comes to certain conclusions, for which he is being reaped. After all, works of charity and mercy do seem to stir certain people up to an extraordinary extent. However, Mr. Hopkinson Smith

does not seem to mind, but calmly pursues his varied paths of engineer, artist, author, contractor, and all the rest of his vocations, as though Boston were not and there never had been any Armenians.

—Captain Robley D. Evans, of the United States Navy, is easily the most picturesque character on the active list, and that



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS.

much could besaid of him with entire truth without anything being borrowed by suggestion from the sobriquet which has been fastened to him of "Fighting Bob." Captain Evans, by the way, particularly objects to this sobriquet, and we must apologize to him for having applied it to him in our last issue. When the war broke out Captain Evans was a junior officer, and his Virginia mother, thinking her son had not yet cast

loose her leading-strings, promptly sent in his resignation without consulting him. The resignation was at once accepted, and the young man was out of the navy, willy nilly. But his heart was inclined toward the old flag, and he found a way to induce the department to rescind its action. During the war he saw much service, and to-day walks with a slight limp on account of a wound received in action. It is likely that there is no man of his rank in the navy upon whom more dependence would be placed if there should be a foreign war. He has always been a popular man to sail with, and as a companion he has no superior in the service. He seems an old sea-dog of the past, rejuvenated and readjusted to modern use.

—General A. W. Greely availed himself of a little leisure time, in his tour of inspection of signal-service posts in the West, to make a brief exploring trip in the Antilles, and to gather up a little Aztec plunder in Yucatan. Wherever he went he was

greeted with considerable interest—for the fame of his Arctic expedition is still fresh in the West. General Greely is enjoying exceptionally good health, and at fifty he is a distinguished-looking man. Considering the hardships he underwent in the polar regions thirteen years ago, including an escape from starvation by the narrowest possible margin, his vigor of mind and body is remarkable.

—H. E. Krehbiel's little volume on "How to Listen to Music" ought to fill the long-felt want for which such a book is presumably written. There is probably no other man in America who has listened to so much good music as Mr. Krehbiel, or knows so well how to listen, and for thirteen years he has sat in the same seat at the Metropolitan Opera House every winter. He is an authority on folk-songs, and latterly he has gained considerable reputation as a lecturer on music. Physically he is big and rotund, with curly hair and a pink-and-white complexion.

—It is likely that the general public is under the impression that the jokes and other quips made in comic papers, such as



MR. WILLIAM R. COOK.

*Judge and Puck*, all originate in the offices of those journals, and that the editors and cartoonists lie awake of nights thinking up the funny things the readers wonder over and marvel at. Now, no doubt the gentlemen mentioned are responsible for a good deal, but not for all, by a long shot. The demand for what are technically called "comics" is so great that men, and women, too, have regularly gone into the business to supply it, and they are professional joke-makers. These merry souls used to find an outlet among the negro minstrels, but since burnt-cork went out of fashion the gayly-colored weeklies take all that is good of this kind of manufacture. Very prominent among these joke-makers is Mr. William R. Cook, whose counterfeit presentment we herewith make public. Mr. Cook comes from the land of steady habits, and was educated at Hartford. He turns out his jokes with wonderful facility, and the quality does not suffer by reason of the quantity. If anything should befall him there would be consternation in many minds, for there are those who regularly depend on his output of quaint conceits and laugh-provoking ideas.

—General John A. Logan's only son is not built upon the same lines as his father, but in the face of the young man there is so strong a suggestion of the distinguished sire that one need not be told, after an introduction to Mr. Logan, who he is. He is well known in many parts of his native country, and will no doubt be much better known in the near future, as he has energy, ability, and ambition. He was educated at West Point, but left the army when he married the lady who is now his charming wife. He lives in Youngstown, in Ohio, but spends much time in travel in America and beyond the seas. Last year he spent many months in Russia, and with young but shrewd eyes looked upon the wonders of that wonderful land. He has written out his impressions of this visit, and it is quite likely that the world will soon have a chance to see that great empire and the people of it through the spectacles of this handsome young American.



MR. JOHN A. LOGAN, JR.

—Fanny Davenport's audiences were given an exhibition of the actress's proficiency as a scene-painter during her recent engagement in New York. The very striking "tapestry" on the walls in one of the "Fedora" scenes was her handiwork, the painting of it having amused her during her summer vacation. Miss Davenport possesses many minor accomplishments apart from her stage art. She would give all of them, though, for a substantial indemnity-bond against the threatened approach of obesity. But in spite of her *embonpoint* there is still a graceful sprightliness about her, and the hold she has on the public is evidenced by the overflowing houses that greet her.

—Mr. Angus M. Cannon, of Salt Lake City, is a high dignitary in the Church of Latter Day Saints, and bids fair to become in the near future one of the apostles of that modern ecclesiastic organization. Mr. Cannon has had the privilege or distinction, or whatever one may choose to call it, of having four wives all at once; this is a great deal, to be sure, but he has had another honor, given to no other man in all the wide world. At the November elections he was a candidate for the Utah State Senate, and his wife—his latest, his newest wife—was his opponent. As



MR. ANGUS M. CANNON.

we told in a recent number, where we had the pleasure of publishing Mrs. Cannon's portrait, the lady won the race; won "hands down," as the turfmen say. We had intended printing portraits of the husband-candidate and the wife-candidate in the same issue, but unfortunately Mr. Cannon was ill after the election. In this statement there is no suggestion that his defeat made him ill; the public will be glad to know, however, that Mr. Cannon is now well again.

—Many years ago, when railways were new and railroad bridges were in their infancy, a clever Massachusetts carpenter named Howe designed what was called the "Howe truss bridge," and, in company with his brother-in-law, Mr. Amasa Stone, he proceeded to take contracts for bridging on what was, at that day, a very large scale. Curiously enough, by the way, this type of bridge was the design of Leonardo da Vinci the

great, in the days of the Renaissance, when a man practiced all the arts and was painter, engineer, architect, and soldier, by turns. The original drawing by da Vinci is in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and is exactly the same structure as the Howe device. Still, Howe did not know this, and he and his partners worked on, made fortunes, and out of their efforts came the great bridge-building companies of to-day—concerns which would undertake to span you an ocean if you only would pay the bill. The last of these early bridge-builders, Mr. Amasa B. Stone, is just dead, after a life of much toil and credit, and in him dies one of the last links between the United States of the individual-contractor time and the United States of the syndicate and trust epoch. It is curious, in this connection, to note the tendency of rich American families to run out in the male line. These Stone brothers, Amasa and Andros, for example, leave no male heirs, and their fortunes go in the distaff line, while male Astors, Goelets, etc., exist not in large numbers as compared to the women. One of the daughters of Mr. Amasa Stone is married to John Hay, and although the marriage has been a most happy one, yet I fear it has deprived the world of some sound literature. It is very pleasant to have a good house and a good income, but the possession of these things seems often to dull the pen-point.

—New Orleans has sent a number of charming literary women to New York, but none of them with a greater claim on popular

favor than Ruth McEnery Stuart. It is only ten years since she made her first contribution to literature, hardly more than half that time since she came to the city, and after a period of steady progress she had the satisfaction of seeing two new books of her own issued simultaneously by rival publishers to catch the holiday trade. In the intervals of authorship Mrs. Stuart has achieved an exceeding social success and made her home noted for its hospitality. As a public reader there is no doubt whatever that Mrs. Stuart would prove most attractive; indeed, in her few appearances in this capacity she has proved it, and at the same time delighted all who heard her.

—The newest cultivator of the productive field of early American naval history is James Barnes, whose book on "Naval Actions of the War of 1812" has just left the press. Mr. Barnes is a clever, agreeable, and rather handsome man of just past thirty. His face is clean-shaven and his features clean-cut. He is frequently seen at the gatherings of the younger set of literary men in New York, and he sometimes enlivens a dinner-party by "speaking a piece," for he is a good elocutionist. He has produced considerable material for magazines, and perhaps his best work so far is his romance of the American Revolution, "For King or Country."

—William M. K. Olcott, the young lawyer who, after a brief experience as a city alderman, has been made the public prosecutor of New York, to serve out the unexpired term of the late John R. Fellows, has an opportunity given to few lawyers under the age of thirty-five. Colonel Fellows left a legacy of many thousand untried cases to his successor. He failed through excessive amiability as much as by his undue regard for political "pulls." Mr. Olcott, judging from his first appointments and public utterances, is in a fair way to follow in the wake of his immediate predecessor. But it is to be hoped not, though

after his frank avowal of strict obedience to the behests of machine politicians, this hope is not so strong as it might be. He has but one year wherein to show his mettle.

—Since his return to England Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who came to the United States as Mr. Barrie's guide, philosopher, and friend, has been telling a London *Chronicle* reporter that he failed to find any young authors here. "They may have been there," he says, "but we did not meet them—the writers of twenty-five or thirty-five. Practically all the recognized American authors range in age from forty-five to sixty." It is to be feared that the fault of this is to be laid against Dr. Nicoll's steering committee. Certainly if he had gone into the Tenderloin regions he could have found Stephen Crane, of whom the *Saturday Review* is high in praise, and if he had looked into certain Fifth-avenue club windows he could have seen Richard Harding Davis. In a Philadelphia club window he could have seen Owen Wister, and in a modest parlor in the same city Miss Agnes Repplier; while in Boston, some symphony evening, he could have discovered Mary Wilkins, and in Chicago Miss Lillian Bell. Only one of these authors confessed to thirty-five—and there are others. It is to be feared that Dr. Nicoll neglected his opportunities.



MRS. RUTH MCENERY STUART.



DISTRICT-ATTORNEY OLCOTT.

## AN EXPOSURE OF DISHONEST GAMBLING.



Among his varied experiences may be mentioned his prominent share in influencing the mayoralty contest in Minneapolis, three

THousands of pedestrians who daily wander through the dime-museum section of Fourteenth Street have been attracted of late to a huge sign over the entrance of what was formerly the notorious Palm Garden, announcing the presence of John Phillip Quinn, "reformed gambler." Of course we have all heard of him, of his special railroad car, of his peculiar paraphernalia, of his effective exposé of the dishonest practices of professional gamblers. He has attracted large audiences all over the country for seven years, and has earned the support and commendation of various religious bodies and public officials; also the undying enmity of the gambling fraternity.

I must confess that the aspect of his Fourteenth-Street quarters was not calculated to prepossess one in his favor. The atmosphere, figuratively speaking, was of the dime-museum variety, and so were the methods employed—"barkers" at the door appealing to passers-by in strident tones, "professors" in the interior explaining in choice Second-Avenue English the mechanism of various gambling implements, especially an in-



This shows Mr. Quinn in the act of dealing faro from a "fake" holder so constructed that by pressure on a spring, the manipulator is enabled to control the output and to win all bets.

THE GAME OF FARO.



This contrivance is another secret of the gambling fraternity. By application of electricity the dice are made to fall as best suits the operator.

THE ELECTRIC DICE-BOX.

years ago, on behalf of good government, and the savage attack on his person in Chicago, the results of which are visible to the present day in a nervous twitching of his facial muscles.



This is a picture of Manager V. E. Prentiss exhibiting the most recent of all the gambling devices. The victim bets on the location of the falling link, and is surprised to learn that it has dropped "one story" only instead of going to the bottom.

THE ENDLESS CHAIN.

genious contrivance called the endless chain, which "catches the sucker every time." No fee was charged for this part of the entertainment, nor for a glimpse at an unhappy youth wearing a convict suit in a paste-board cell with papier-mâché bars, this feature being intended to recall Mr. Quinn's incarceration in Joliet, Illinois, some nine years back, for working the gold-brick game—a crime, however, of which he was subsequently shown to be innocent.

It was after I had paid a modest sum and been admitted to the inner sanctum that I appreciated, not alone the true extent of Mr. Quinn's capacity for doing good, but also the value of his manager's—Mr. Vernett E. Prentiss—explanation of the selection of this particular field of operations. Said this gentleman: "In the past Mr. Quinn has addressed himself chiefly to Sunday-school gatherings, revival-meetings, and religious gatherings in general. He has now concluded to devote himself to a more fruitful field. Religiously-inclined people are less open to temptation, and therefore require his warnings and exposures in a lesser degree than does the lower strata of a great city's population. It is from this class that the average run of dime-museum visitors are drawn, and in order to reach them we must follow to some extent the methods of such institutions. If we conducted this place as a religious meeting it would be empty nine-tenths of the time."

I will gladly testify to the fact that on the occasion of my visit, at all events, the astute manager's calculations were not doomed to disappointment. On a platform in the centre of a large apartment in the rear sat the famous ex-gambler at a small table, and in a semicircle in front of him sat his audience. And such an audience! If we except a sprinkling of the better-dressed element, it was, on the whole, about as representative of the mechanic and day-laborer class as any to be seen in the upper galleries of a Bowery theatre. What a contrast between those faces—some sodden with drink, some hardened by toil and exposure, others suffused with the unhealthy pallor of the overcrowded tenement—and the clear-cut, keen-featured physiognomy of the white-haired speaker. Strength



This is a portable roulette wheel, which can be adjusted to suit the purposes of the dealer and throw the marble into the red or black pockets at will.

THE ROULETTE WHEEL.

of will and purpose speak out from that countenance, but also unmistakable kindness and depth of feeling. A slight murmur of impatience was audible when the speaker clasped his hands in prayer and invoked the blessing of the Most High on his efforts. The audience had no use for prayers. The majority had come to be amused, a few had come in the hopes of learning some of the gambler's tricks, with a view to turning the knowledge to practical account.

John Phillip Quinn has two propositions. First, the vice of gambling is harmful to the community and to the individual, and ought to be suppressed. Second, the most effective way of suppressing it is to convince the would-be gambler that nine-

tenths of the games he may "buck up against" are "crooked." I am using Mr. Quinn's own phraseology, and may say here incidentally that if any actor should ever desire to study the language and personal characteristics of a genuine type of the old-fashioned American "card sharp," he could do nothing better than to attend a few of Mr. Quinn's seances. The veteran's heart has no doubt been purified and his soul sanctified, in the parlance of the revival-meeting; nevertheless, conversion has not deprived him of the old-time gambler's expressions and mannerisms. Discussion with a bystander invariably evokes the remark that "he (Quinn) is a gentleman and believes his questioner to be one also, hence and therefore and so forth and so on."

However, this is but a detail. No fair-minded man can arise from one of these seances without acknowledging that the veteran's exposé is a mighty object-lesson and

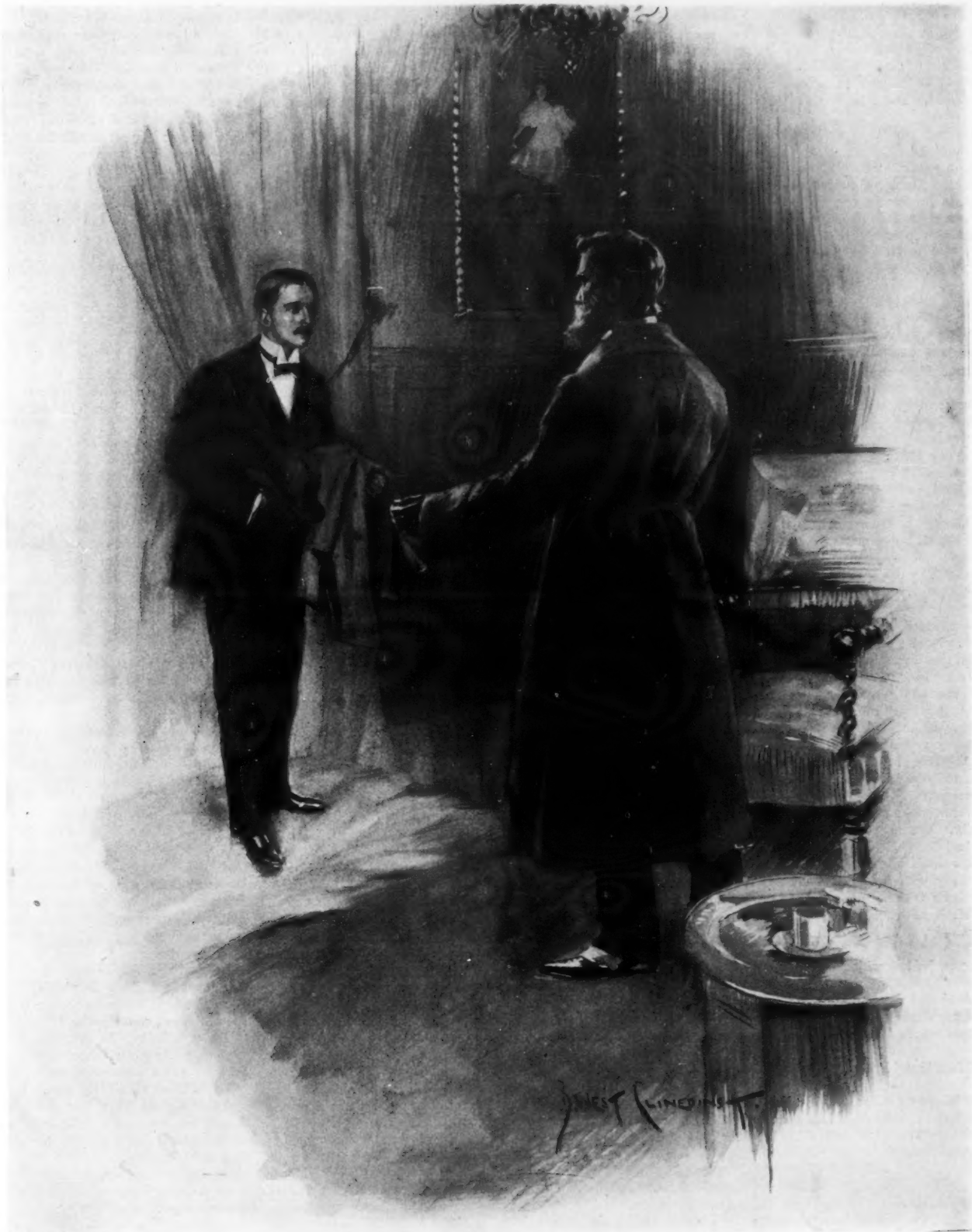
should act as an effective deterrent to patrons of gambling-houses. We have often been told that there are "square"

(Continued on page 26.)



A game which seldom fails to catch the farmer, and sometimes also the city man. It is worked partly by sleight-of-hand partly by manipulation of the cards.

THREE-CARD MONTE.



"He arose to his great height as I entered."

## BOBBIE McDUFF.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

### X.

#### OF A SUMMER DAY.

As it chanced, Lady Berringer was starting for a canter with Pierre. It was late July then, and the houses of that portion of the great American metropolis were shuttered; and the park-ways no longer crowded of the late afternoon.

As I stepped into the library at the Van Brules', she I sought was pulling on her gloves. She appears, you must know, with her tall, fine figure, never more charming than in a riding-skirt and the simple shirt-waist and straw hat.

Now she looked up quickly as I entered. For we had not had a half-dozen words together since the day of my effrontery on the Atlantic, and now, though I was there to see her, I hesitated, not knowing what to expect. Yet she greeted me in her usual manner. Oh, I could not tell whether she still held me an offender. It was strange, I said to myself, how important I held her opinion. At the moment Van Brule came in. He was good enough to suggest that I take his place as escort for his sister's friend. I think, good fellow, that he pleaded an engagement; at any rate it was considerate. I wonder now, if he saw the situation and deliberately helped me on.

Some moments after I was outside by the curb and helping her to the saddle, and then we were about the corner in the plaza, and into the almost deserted park.

And there was only Van Brule's lagging groom.

When we were well along the first bridle-path I drew my mare down.

"It is good of you to let me be your escort," I think I said, stupidly enough.

"Don't be absurd, Mr. McDuff."

"Ah, am I absurd?" I said. "If it be absurdity, it's dear to me. Alexander Kracikof shall not stand between us—" I ended in the incoherency of passion; and yet, I think now my wish to thwart Alexander Kracikof was the most of it.

"Prince Kracikof sailed for Liverpool this morning," she said, quietly.

"You sent him away?" I cried.

But she was whipping up her horse. I think the gray-coated policeman hesitated about calling us down from that lively canter. He at least looked as if he were about to reprimand us, and then changed his mind. It was as if every living creature were leagued to help my cause that day.

And she had sent Alexander Kracikof away; and I was her equal. If my mother had been born a gypsy, her grandfather had been a nobody.

But I could not fancy then all that lay before me,—all that soon was to involve me in horrible perplexity.

I talked in the foolish, impulsive way of lovers the world over. I did not want the world to know our secret until I had name and place; and, first, I must see Felix Miranda. I must know all the details he had of my father's story.

"And perhaps even then—I may fail," I said, for a moment sharing the fear she had expressed.

"And then," said she, "you shall be the same to me as Bobbie McDuff."

And she added, "Can a title or place change you? Does it change me for you?"

You can be assured what my answer was. Yet I fancied sometimes that she regretted Alexander Kracikof. I was resolved at least that she should not.

She was to accompany the Van Brules to the Riviera out of season on John Dort's yacht, which was expected in New York in August. So soon as I should find all I could from Felix Miranda I should hasten to Mentone. I wonder if the Van Brules suspected our secret. We said it was well guarded, and that no one knew—excepting, perhaps, my cousin, Alexander Kracikof. Ah, I remembered him during the long days at sea. I hated him, as I had reason to, for his enmity; and more than all because he so nearly had won Mary Berringer. It was now between us open war.

But I had won in the first skirmish.

### XI.

#### THE SATCHEL.

I FOUND M. Miranda, of a sunny August afternoon, at Saint Germain-en-Laye. I had received, before leaving New York, a letter from him expostulating with me for thinking of returning

to Europe. I now answered it in person, telling him that I knew at least a part of my father's story; and that I did not intend to be bound by a prohibition which the maker, under the present circumstances, might not care to have maintained.

"He thought you would be happier in ignorance of your station," M. Miranda retorted, "and I have felt bound to carry out his wish."

"And you indeed have, my dear Monsieur Miranda," I cried. "But now I am Ivan Kracikof."

"Yes," he said, taking my arm. "And more, I have every reason to believe that Prince Nikolai Kracikof would welcome as the heir his grandson in preference to your second cousin, Alexander—if the czar would sanction such a succession."

"Ah, Alexander Kracikof is powerful at Petersburg!" I remarked.

"Yet he has shown that he fears your claim," M. Miranda retorted.

"Plainly enough," I said, smiling, remembering how he had kidnapped me.

"Your father, Ivan, knowing his cousin, heart and soul—and not knowing the kind of man you were to become—preferred that you should be removed from any chance of incurring his enmity; as McDuff, he would be indifferent to you."

"He can't be indifferent to me now, my dear friend," I said, thinking of Lady Berringer.

"He was as much infatuated with Beatrice Calesi as ever your father. He was a boy of twenty-four then. But the cousins always had been rivals."

"And the rivalry has been carried down to my father's son."

We were walking along the terrace, with the broad, autumnal valley before us and the chateau of Henri Quatre at our side—a bit of the old time remaining, telling of men's passions which are so little changed at this day. You may prick a convention and find the old mankind. And my life seems to me like a bit of that old time. But then, we in Russia are still not so far from the sixteenth century as you in western Europe and in America. And I told my good friend—my father's friend—of my position toward Lady Berringer; and of my cousin's certain rivalry there. I told him that I proposed to go to Russia with the papers he had proving my identity.

"Your face ever will prove that," he commented.

"They'll insist on the chance resemblance," I said, smiling.

"Yes; likely. But I have all the documents, as well as the sworn statements of witnesses, proving the marriage of Beatrice Calesi and Ivan Kracikof. We can follow your career from the first. I will go with you to Lebannia, Ivan Kracikof; and before the czar, if that be necessary."

I had not expected, after all the opposition he had given, that I should win him so easily. But he explained again—this good Felix Miranda—that he had done all that he could to carry out my father's wish; and now that I was so fully determined—that he couldn't stir me from my purpose—he had decided that it would have been my father's wish for him to help me all he might. At times in that stroll on the charming terrace he would stop, looking me over intently, as if he saw in me his friend, Ivan Kracikof.

"His voice, gesture, yes, he has willed that I should help you. But I fear Alexander Kracikof," when I laughed at his fears. Oh, I felt very strong that moment.

"You don't know him, my dear Ivan. He is one of the cleverest, the most unscrupulous men in Europe—with a great power at his back."

"I don't care; I shall face him," I persisted, stoutly, flushed with my first success.

I was curious to know where he was, and what he was plotting. Felix Miranda suggested that he doubtless was in Venice with my grandfather. Prince Nikolai Kracikof has been long accustomed to pass August in Venice.

"Well, we will face him there," I said.

And my friend agreeing, we prepared to leave for Venice, first going to M. Miranda's bankers for the box containing the certificate of my father's marriage with Beatrice Calesi by a priest at Rome.

"It should have been according to the rites of the Greek Church," Miranda commented. "But at the best it was a marriage which need not be recognized by a great, noble family which is so near the Romanoffs themselves."

"Unless we can gain Prince Nikolai Kracikof, and have his appeal to the czar," I said.

"Well, we will try," Miranda said.

Before leaving Paris I posted a letter to John Dort, and another to Lady Berringer, who already might have left New York for the Riviera. I did not know whether or not Dort himself might have sailed to America on the *Regina*. But I supposed his mail would be forwarded. And then one evening we left Paris, the precious box of papers in a portmanteau carried by Gaspard, M. Miranda's servant. This fellow was an elderly Swiss, who had been in my friend's service for fifty years.

During that journey through France, and under the shadows of the Swiss Alps and along the Lombardian plain, my fancy went before—trying to picture what my grandfather would be like; and I thought of the possibilities of that interview.

Now, at the Venetian station Gaspard told M. Miranda he had lost the satchel with the papers. M. Miranda stormed; those papers were such important evidence. But they certainly were gone. My friend whispered that he could not doubt the servant.

"Your likeness to Ivan Kracikof is enough. It doesn't matter."

"And Alexander Kracikof has not only my mother's miniature, but these papers. He thinks them important; and should not we?"

"Do you believe it was your cousin? It may have been a simple mistake."

"Yes, it was he," I said, firmly. "But we're not yet defeated."

"No," he said, questioning Gaspard again.

The Swiss had occupied a compartment separate from us. He only could remember that at one of the stations there had entered a common-looking man—so Gaspard described him—with a satchel, which he had put on the rack. Gaspard had slept, he confessed, and when he awoke the new-comer's satchel

was still on the luggage-rack, but the man and M. Miranda's had gone. The guard could give no explanation. I myself doubted Gaspard, remembering Dort's head groom, Peters. But his chagrin, together with his master's firm belief in him, at last convinced me of his sincerity. We could do nothing more, beyond demanding an investigation of the officials at the station. The papers certainly were gone, however much their loss might affect my future; and we now had to depend for the most on my resemblance to my father, and on M. Miranda's assertion.

As we drew along, with the steady bend of our gondoliers before us, the chance did not look particularly hopeful. I might be a bastard son of a Prince Kracikof. My grandfather might choose to recognize me, or not, as the whim should seize him. I had asked Felix Miranda much about him, and he had told of his long, distinguished service to the czar, of his achievements—which, indeed, are matters of history—in the Crimea, and what a strong old man he still was at eighty-five. In his domain he was almost independent; at Petersburg the new generation of ministers still respected his service to Russia and the value of his opinion. You may believe I had small attention to give to that interesting city. My own immediate future was enough to keep me absorbed.

So we drew along the Grand Canal to our hotel about three of a sunny afternoon, the gondola gliding with steady splash of the muddy waters. The faded stucco of the palaces took on its sometime splendor in the August glare. But, as I say, only M. Miranda's talk took my interest. He would go at once to Prince Nikolai. I should wait him there at the hotel. Gaspard was already on the landing with our pile of boxes complete, excepting for the missing one. He had gone on while we waited to start the investigation for that satchel. Why had we trusted it to Gaspard? Why, even, hadn't we left the precious satchel to the mercies of the luggage man? M. Miranda did not leave the gondola, but ordered his man—M. Miranda speaks excellent Italian—to row him to the palace rented by Prince Nikolai Kracikof.

You may believe I waited impatiently for my friend's return. Instead, about an hour after, a groom-like person told me the prince had sent for me. I at once joined the messenger in his gondola to the ancient Venetian palace where my grandfather passes his Venetian days. I was told by the servant to follow him, which I did, into a salon, where in large arm-chair sat a man whose hair still was as brown and full as mine, for all his many years. He arose to his great height as I entered. M. Miranda said something to him, and I noticed in the shadow Alexander Kracikof. He, too, seemed very young at that moment. We Kracikofs have a way of retaining youth.

"Ivan," said the old man, as I advanced to him. "Have you come from the dead, boy?"

My heart went out to him at that moment, as we clasped hands, and as I knew my victory had been won. I don't know what I said that moment. But I knew that Nikolai Kracikof had regretted bitterly his attitude toward his son in the affair of Beatrice Calesi.

"Yes—however he was born—he is Ivan Kracikof," he said again.

Then my cousin came forward easily, smilingly.

"Oh, then we are cousins."

"You knew it before I," said I, coldly. "You were to some pains that no one else should know it, cousin."

"I was, Ivan, to prevent trouble—as your father wished to prevent it." I was astonished at his effrontery. The old prince and Miranda stood watching us, doubtless remembering the feud between Alexander and my father; and Felix Miranda knew my experiences with my cousin.

"It was good of you—to take that interest," I managed to say.

"Cousin," he said, "I must have you to my place of Monte Bazzi. You know through my mother I inherit that Italian property."

"Yes, Alexander has his Italian estate," Prince Nikolai Kracikof said. "Miranda, you will have your own and Ivan's things brought here. Now leave me to talk with Ivan."

We Kracikofs are men who rarely declare our feelings. I suppose Alexander hated me more than I him. You never could tell what Alexander thought from any loss of self-control; for he never lost that perfect *sang froid*.

My grandfather himself had had a long training as a diplomat. Yet now tears were in those eyes as we talked together. My father's pride had been like his father's; they would not yield to each other. In a fit of chagrin—of longing for the freedom of a humble life, and in the time of his infatuation with Beatrice Calesi—he had given up place and all. Nikolai Kracikof never had called him back; and now it was as if in me he had returned. But I must not dwell on these details. You can imagine what they were; and they belong in this narration only in so far as they may bear on the events which were to follow.

My cousin Alexander seemed to have little fear of being superseded as the heir of Nikolai Kracikof, even if he had been to the pains of stealing my mother's portrait and the satchel of papers. To be sure, I had no actual proof to sustain the last charge. There was the danger, to be sure, of Prince Nikolai, who was not always on friendly terms with his nephew, trying to have me legitimized and declared his heir. Alexander had tried to prevent that contingency to the best of his ability. Now he treated me as a newly-found cousin, not to be feared, because a bastard. It was not for additional wealth that Alexander wished to be some day my grandfather's heir, but rather because that position meant additional prestige; because he desired it; and when he desired he brought every faculty of a strong nature, an inflexible will—admirable cleverness in the management of men—to accomplish his desire. And more than all, he hated me because my father had won Beatrice Calesi—who, if a public singer, was one of the most beautiful women of her time, as those who knew her have told me again and again. And, indeed, do I not know her every feature from that painted presentment again and again? And now, to add to all, I had thwarted him, in my turn, with Lady Berringer. He knew that well; and he never was content to accept defeat.

Yet, as I say, for the first few days in Venice we met with a certain formality, for all that was between us; you never would

have suspected we were sworn enemies. And why didn't I—who had suffered the worst affront—now resent it? Because, I will answer myself, it is the nature of us Kracikofs to dissimulate, and because I had won a victory over him. My grandfather had that dissimulation; and I had it as well as Alexander; while I thought it best to meet him with his own weapons.

Well, we passed some days with this veneer of politeness, until he left Venice, he said for Monte Bazzi.

My grandfather seemed to become every day fonder of me; and I certainly did of him. He said that he intended to take me with him to Lebannia, and then to Petersburg; and I fancied I knew what that meant. Felix Miranda declared that he thought it was, after all, for the best that my father's wish had not been lived up to. "Yet you might have been happier as Robert McDuff," he added, "and there'll always be danger from Alexander Kracikof."

About this time I had a letter from Lady Berringer, stating that the *Regina* had arrived at Mentone. There was another from John Dort, congratulating me on the additional change in my fortunes, stating his pleasure that it was I with his sister, instead of Alexander Kracikof—even if I were not the heir of Lebannia—and asking me to visit Mentone. I asked Prince Nikolai's permission for this little excursion, and he gave it reluctantly. I then told him of my engagement with Mary Berringer.

"Was not Alexander after her?" he asked.

"Yes, I believe so," I answered.

"When a Kracikof quarrels with a Kracikof, beware," is the Lebannian saying. Alexander Kracikof is a dangerous man, Ivan."

"I may be, too," I said.

"But you and I will not quarrel about your selection, Ivan. I did that with your father. They say this English countess is a rich woman, and a widow. Bah, Ivan! at your age I wouldn't marry a widow. Let Alexander have her."

"I hope your Highness will like her," I said. "As for Alexander, I have won her fairly and I am not inclined to give her up."

"Ah, you are a Kracikof," he said, stepping to the balcony, where we looked out on the Grand Canal—all its romance showing under the moon. "And, Ivan, as I say, we never shall quarrel."

I did not tell him of my own adventure with Alexander Kracikof; for I believe I fancied it would worry him. And, indeed, I felt quite able to hold my own, without help, in my quarrel with my cousin.

## XII.

### AT MENTONE.

I LEFT Vassili Dimitrich, the servant Prince Nikolai Kracikof had given me, and who ever has served me well, busied with the boxes at the station of Mentone, while I impatiently called a cab and was driven to John Dort's villa. For all the reasons I had to be in an excellent humor, a dull depression had followed me from Venice. The head of the Kracikofs practically had acknowledged me—if Alexander remained the heir of the great estates on the Volga—and, more, he had approved of my engagement with Lady Berringer. And was she not waiting me there in the villa among the olives, above the sunny sea? What more, indeed, could I wish?

Do you believe in prescience? I have had my own experiences, while many others have vouched for it. Is there not a whisper from somewhere—a warning? It seems to me that often, at least, such is the case.

Presently we drew into the grounds of Dort's villa. And John Dort came out to meet me. And what was the reason for the seriousness on that jolly face? I knew, then, that my foreboding had reason.

And something unaccountable had happened. My lady had gone walking unattended the previous afternoon and she had not returned. Dort had searched far and wide; had inquired everywhere. At the station they thought they remembered seeing her, but they were not sure. If it were she, she had taken the train south. And why should she, indeed? What time had she left the villa, I asked. After breakfast, about ten in the morning.

"And Alexander Kracikof? He is in Mentone?"

"Yes, he was here this morning. He has helped. He seems much concerned."

"I never told you of the kind attentions my cousin once paid me, before I, indeed, knew he was my cousin," I went on. "He had a Norman chateau filled with his servants; dragged me in broad daylight and carried me there. If it hadn't been for the sympathy I gained from my keeper's wife I still might have been enjoying his hospitality."

I was sure that this was the case with Lady Berringer. He had won her promise and she had taken it back, and now he had dared to lay a trap for her. Or had she gone of her own free will? And how had he dared, indeed? But that last question was almost ridiculous. He apparently dared everything—anything. One of the richest men in Europe, he had money's almost irresistible power. I was sure Alexander Kracikof could explain this to me. I was sure I should make him. In writing this down coldly, now long after, when the troubles of that time seem all over, I can tell of these occurrences; but I can't convey a sense of my passion and fear.

"I think you are wrong," John Dort said, at last.

"And yet, you disliked him!" I cried.

"I can't let my dislike blur my judgment."

"After the story I told you?"

"That may be. You Russians are still a bit feudal in your practices. He dared to take you, then an obscure person. But Mary is not an obscure person. He couldn't."

"Yet he has his reason."

"Yes, he has his reason," John Dort said. And then he cried out, "I don't understand you Russians."

"It is not altogether an understanding of Russians that is necessary. Alexander inherits the estate of Monte Bazzi through his mother."

"She was a Countess of Monte Bazzi, I remember. He is half an Italian."

"And I, too—by my mother," I said. "Let me deal with this cousin of mine."

At that very moment when I was expressing those wishes the servant announced Prince Alexander Kracikof, and I turned to prove that I indeed could deal with him. Yet, even after what I had said, his manner, his apparent concern, disarmed me.

He spoke, indeed, very feelingly of the situation. The authorities at Monaco had been making diligent inquiry. But there was no information—absolutely none. Lady Berringer had walked down to the highway at ten yesterday morning, and no one had seen her since; no inquiry seemed able to find anyone who had seen her. The clew of the station at Mentone had proved a false one.

"I am sorry for you, Ivan," he said at last; and even the hard gray eyes—which are Kracikof eyes—seemed to show this sympathy. But I could read him now.

"I don't require your pretense of sympathy," I retorted. "I know you too well."

And I turned my back on him. Yet, I will say he said exactly the right thing without losing his temper, or showing it if he did lose it—without, in fine, throwing out a single malicious hint. I saw how he had won over John Dort, who is not a clever man against such superior cleverness. But I could not endure his presence, and on some excuse I went to my room, where Vassili Dimitrich was unstrapping the boxes.

"There was a fellow to see you, little father," he said, turning to me.

"What kind of a fellow? No one knows I am here, Vassili." "He knew, little father; and he sent word for you to come down to the Corniche road."

"Why doesn't he come here, Vassili—this visitor?"

"Little father, I told him a great prince did not run for a dog."

But I was thinking, and I thought, after Vassili's description, of Petruccio, the gypsy of Fontainebleau; Petruccio, who had recognized me as his kin from the red scar on the left temple. Did he know of the mystery of Lady Berringer? Leaving Vassili I left the villa by a side door, and through the olive-orchard, to the road—avoiding John Dort and Alexander Kracikof. Outside the gate, indeed, stood Petruccio.

"I remembered you said you came to the Riviera, Petruccio, but I thought in winter."

"Yes, m'sieur."

"How did you know that I was here, Petruccio?"

"Ah, I keep account of my kin."

"Are you of my kin, Petruccio? Yes, you knew from the red scar that I am Beatrice Calesi's son."

"Your blood is ours, brother. That is why I came to you."

"You know of Lady Berringer?" I cried, impatient, after waiting for him to say something.

"You would know of the English miladi?"

"What do you know, Petruccio?" I cried, clutching his shoulder. "Tell me."

"You must come with me, and alone. You must tell no one that you have gone with me."

I at first looked at him distrustfully. But had he not helped my escape from my cousin's prison? I could but believe him.

"Is this necessary?" I said at last.

"I have so said it, brother. You must leave word that you will return in a fortnight."

Again I hesitated, and he saw it.

"Are you not, too, of Egypt, brother? Trust me; for he who distrusts too much is as much a fool as he who trusts too much."

"But why can't you tell me, Petruccio?"

"Trust me," he repeated. "That is your best way, I have told you, brother. You'll find me in the side path—above the olive-orchard."

"Well, I will be there in a quarter-hour."

Leaving him then, I went back to the villa, seeing no one except Vassili. I wrote a hasty note to Dort, telling him I had a clew, which I was bound to follow.

"I may not return, Vassili," I said.

"My little father goes on a journey?"

"Perhaps. Give this note to Monsieur Dort. Obey his orders until I return." I talked with him in French, which he knew well, although using Russian idioms. At that time I had not had time to learn Russian, which I since have taken up readily, having an aptitude for languages, and indeed being, as you know now, in studying Russian, but a student of the language to which I was born.

Leaving Vassili, I went back, still unobserved, to the Corniche road, and then turned up the hill path through the olive-orchard. There I found Petruccio, leaning against an olive-trunk, his arms folded, and looking out to the sunny sea. Seeing me, he was on his feet and leading along another path toward the mountains. If I, keeping up with his rapid strides with difficulty, asked him where he was going he but said:

"Wait, m'sieur."

For now he addressed me as "m'sieur," and again as "brother." It already was the late afternoon, and the sun soon dipped into the Mediterranean and began to gather shadows from the hollows. I wondered if I indeed were not on a fool's errand. How much better would it have been had I made Petruccio explain. Occasionally we passed a shepherd or a peasant. And we were among the barren rocks of the hill country; and it was night, with stars piercing the hovering blue of the Riviera.

"I can't go another step, Petruccio."

"Hist, m'sieur! we are here."

He had stopped before a little stone house, bordering the donkey-path we had followed.

(To be continued.)

## A New Portrait-Painter.



H. STANLEY TODD.

Sargent. There are, indeed, many others; but I, because of my limitations, stop with Sargent.

But there are the new men—the men of whom we hope.

Among these there is a certain Parisianized American, a portrait-painter—Stanley Todd. He is a young man, barely twenty-five.

What has he done?

Well, Benjamin Constant thought him promiseful. I don't know what his other master, Jean Paul Laurens, thought of him.

But when he went to London Lord Dudley thought well of him. He painted a charming and a human portrait of the Countess of Dudley, one of the most beautiful women in England. He painted Miss Frances Willard; he painted Mr. Somerset; and a portrait he made from photographs of the great Cardinal Newman excited the admiration of the Jesuits at an important function devoted to the interests of that order.

Since Mr. Stanley Todd has come to this town he has done Admiral Benham, Mrs. Senator Hearst, and that exquisite portrait of Mr. M., which we here reproduce. It may be that color fails in the reproduction of the hunting-coat of this portrait, but, if you know the original, it is a striking and human portrait, even in a black-and-white presentation.

So may we in this perfunctory manner welcome to town this clever, this almost masterful pupil of the great Constant—Mr. Stanley Todd.

CLINTON ROSS.



PORTRAIT OF MR. M., BY MR. TODD.

## The New City Hall in San Francisco.

THE new city hall of San Francisco, which has been in course of construction since 1872, a period of nearly twenty-five years, is now about completed, the final touches being given to the great dome, which was the last part of the structure to be built.

The building covers an area of four acres, and contains twelve acres of floor space. The height from the curb to the top of the balustrade which surmounts the building is ninety feet. The tower dome rises gracefully to a height of three hundred and thirty-five feet from the curb; emerging from the roof of the main building with a diameter of one hundred and fifteen feet, it diminishes gently into a colonnade of Ionic columns, this being surmounted by a Corinthian colonnade, which in turn gives gracefully away to the attic story with a diameter of forty feet, and with a slight diminution there begins the spring line of the dome proper, which curves gradually to the base of



THE NEW CITY HALL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

the ball; the ball is eighteen feet in diameter, and is surmounted by a statue of "Progress," twenty-two feet from the base to the crown of her head and thirty feet to the top of the torch which she holds upraised in her hand. The dome was constructed after the model of St. Peter's at Rome. The cost of the tower dome was four hundred and ten thousand dollars, and of the entire building, including the dome, five million seven hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars.

## The Real Election.

MUCH confusion has existed all over the country as to the time of meeting of the electoral college and the final counting of the votes by Congress. It may seem strange that a law nine years old should not be well known, but, considering the facts, it is not so strange after all. One of the latest cyclopedias printed in this country—Johnson's, which bears the date of 1895, and which has the imprint of one of the leading publishing houses—informs its readers that the electors meet at the capitals of their respective States on the first Wednesday in December, and it is an actual fact that some of the States passed laws this year appropriating money for the meetings on this date. Naturally, therefore, the wrong idea spread, and as a consequence hundreds of newspapers printed long articles about the meeting of the electors in December.

But as a matter of fact the electors do not meet until the second Monday in January, which this time will be the 11th. When the law of succession to the Presidency was changed, in 1887, the time of the meeting of the electors was changed. For forty years previously it had been the second Wednesday in December, and this fact remains in nearly all the books of reference, and it seems to be unaccountably slow in finding its way into the common information of the people and the newspapers. The electoral votes will be taken to Washington, and on the appointed day in February the houses of Congress will meet in the House of Representatives, and after receiving and counting the votes, will perform the last act in the election of William McKinley and Garret A. Hobart to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States.

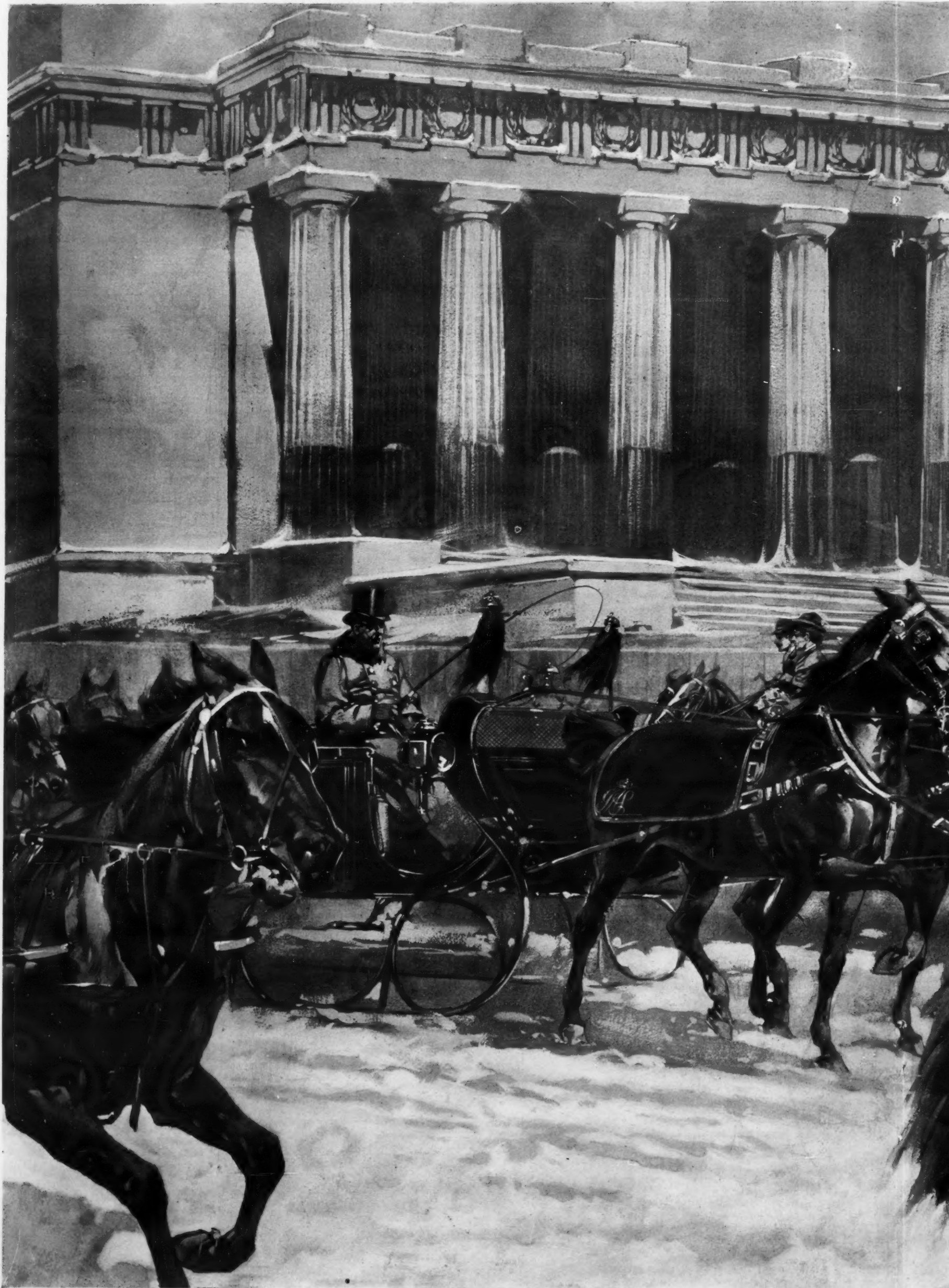
The exact figures of the election even in the official returns vary slightly, and the final figures will come from the government; but the variations are so slight that the compilations at hand may be accepted as trustworthy. They certainly show many unusually interesting things, even after a campaign that was extremely unusual in itself. In the first place the vote was the largest ever cast in the world, being 13,922,535, a net increase of 1,765,000 over 1892. It was distributed as follows: McKinley, 7,102,972; Bryan and Sewall, 6,354,662; Bryan and Watson, 153,210; Levering, 123,997; Palmer, 131,848; Bentley, 12,949; Matchett, 36,502; scattering, 6,395. McKinley's plurality was over 748,000, and his majority was over 283,000. The plurality of the two sound-money tickets over the two Bryan tickets was almost 727,000. McKinley's plurality over Bryan was almost double Cleveland's plurality over Harrison. The Republican gain of nearly two millions was 161,000 more than the net gain of the whole country, showing the tremendous interest that was taken in the fight for sound money.

Possibly the most interesting fact that will appear from the comparison of the figures relates to the proportion of votes and of electors of the various States. This can best be illustrated by a few instances. New York had one hundred and fifty times as many votes as Nevada, and yet Nevada has as many United States Senators as New York and has one-twelfth as many electoral votes. A more surprising comparison is New York with all the New England States. All of the New England States put together had less than nine hundred thousand votes, but they will have fifty-nine electors in the college. New York, with over one million four hundred thousand votes, will have only thirty-six electors. But still more startling are the showings of some of the Southern States. South Carolina, with nine electors, had only sixty-nine thousand votes, whereas Connecticut, with only six electors, had over one hundred and seventy-four thousand votes. On the average vote South Carolina would have not over three electors. Mississippi and Louisiana and some of the other Southern States are almost as bad. For instance, taking some of these Southern States, Maryland, with her two hundred and fifty thousand votes, outvoted Mississippi, Louisiana, and South Carolina combined, and yet her electoral vote is only eight as compared with their twenty-six. In the manufacturing States it took an average of over thirty thousand to elect an elector; in some of the States the average ran under seven thousand.

Nor is this all. The four States with the largest votes—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Ohio—cast a total of four million six hundred and sixty thousand, with a Republican plurality of over two million six hundred thousand, and their electoral vote was one hundred and fifteen. Sixteen States which went for Bryan had a total vote of about two million, and their electoral vote was one hundred and fifteen. The big States had to cast over two votes to one in the Bryan States to get the same number of electors. So that the body which meets in the various capitals of the States on the eleventh of January will represent wonderfully different numbers. In Nevada the three electors will represent an average of three thousand four hundred and twenty-six votes; in New York the thirty-six electors will represent an average of thirty-nine thousand five hundred and fifty-nine votes. According to Nevada arithmetic and proportions New York would have almost the present membership of the electoral college.

It does not seem just that these vast differences should exist, and yet if an attempt were made to correct them there would be a howl that would almost raise the roof off of the Capitol. The satisfaction in this instance is in the fact that the figures show more vividly than ever the really wonderful triumph of sound government and sound money, and they prove that the strength of Bryanism is in the rotten boroughs; for where the vote was worst his totals were largest. Much of the evil will be gradually corrected by honest election laws.

The constitutional convention in Delaware, now in session, has done away with the old tax-certificate law, and it is reasonably certain that fair elections in Virginia and Tennessee will be hereafter the rule instead of the exception. If these hopes be realized there will be interesting changes in the results of elections.



THE ROADWAY CONSTRUCTED ALONG THE HUDSON RIVER HAS BECOME ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR DRIVES IN THE METROPOLIS, AND IS

SLEIGHING ON THE RIVERSIDE

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DAN. SMITH-96-

POLIS, AND IS FREQUENTED ALSO MUCH BY THE BICYCLISTS. THIS PICTURE WAS SKETCHED ACROSS THE ROAD FROM GRANT'S TOMB.

ERSIDE DRIVE IN NEW YORK.

## Our Newest Theatrical Prodigy.

RICHARD MANSFIELD declares Alice Pierce to be the first real dramatic genius he has met with in this country. So interested,



ALICE PIERCE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

in fact, has Mr. Mansfield become that he has offered to coach her privately, and he prophesies that one day she will be the Bernhardt of America. The young girl was born in Boston in 1881. Her mother is an actress occupying a modest position, but her father, a lawyer, had little sympathy with the stage. The girl's dramatic instinct has come only from the mother, who is a nervous, emotional woman, intelligent and cultivated. The father died soon after Alice was born, and the child made her first debut on the stage when only three years of age. That was in Boston, where she was known as "Vasta, the child actress." Later she played *Little Lord Fauntleroy* at the Boston Museum. At that time she attracted little attention, except as a precocious and sweet-voiced child, such as are seen on the stage every day. Nothing indicated any marked dramatic gifts. Once, for a week, she was the understudy for another little actress, Margaret Field, in "Roger la Honte." Alice yearned to play the part herself, and one night the opportunity seemed to have come. A note arrived at the theatre saying that little Field was too ill to appear. Overjoyed, Alice flew to the dressing-room, "made up" for the part, and was just going down to the stage to take her cue when she heard the voice of Margaret, who had recovered and concluded to play. Furious at this disappointment, and resolved not to be balked in her ambition, Alice picked up her rival's dresses and flung them out of the open window, thus putting little Field out of all possibility of playing. Then she went down on the stage and calmly acted her part.

Her mother brought her to New York about the time that Eleanor Duse made her first appearance here. The child saw the Italian actress once, and on going home gave such an imitation of her that it astonished even her mother. Not only was all the facial play, all the emotions, of Duse's passionate scenes reproduced with almost photographic exactness, but she also imitated the Italian language, not a single word of which she knows. Nor was there anything suggestive of the parrot in her imitation. She put her whole little soul into her acting and gave it the same artistic touches as Duse. The effect on the spectator was akin to that produced by the great actress herself.



ALICE PIERCE AS ELLEN TERRY IN "OLIVIA."

Carl and Theodor Rosenfeld, the managers of Madame Duse, became interested in the girl and engaged her to play the title rôle in Hauptmann's beautiful vision play, "Hannele," but Commodore Gerry, the "bugbear" of stage children, interfered and the part was given to another. Since then Alice has appeared in one of Charles Hoyt's companies, and last season she joined Richard Mansfield. She was seen recently at the Garden Theatre as *Jessica* in "The Merchant of Venice," and as the *Prince of Wales* in "Richard III." In both parts she amazed the critics by the rare intelligence and feeling of her performances.

In private life Alice is still a child. She has no girl friends; her mother is her only companion. Most girls at fifteen begin to ape the manners of their elders, but she does not. And yet with her childishness are mingled the seriousness and the emo-

tions of the grown woman. I asked her what pleased her most in Duse's acting.

"Its sincerity," she replied, without a moment's hesitation. "Duse is so real. When I saw her *Fedora* I did not even know the plot of the play, but I understood every word. Duse, Yvette Guilbert, and Calvé are my favorites. They always

Many many happy  
returns of the day to you  
with this little remembrance.  
of affection from  
yours faithfully  
Alice Marguerite Pierce.

A NOTE FROM MISS PIERCE.

stir me strangely. Yes, I literally live at the theatre. I have seen almost every play and every actor. My favorite books? Oh, Alexandre Dumas's novels. I love anything exciting. My favorite rôles? *Camille* first, *Juliet* second. If ever I get a chance to play *Camille* I shall introduce new 'business' ideas of my own." A. H.

## The New Gunboat "Annapolis."

THE latest addition to Uncle Sam's rapidly increasing naval family is the handsome gunboat launched at Elizabethport, New Jersey, just before Christmas Day. "I christen thee *Annapolis*," said Miss Georgiana Porter, granddaughter of the last admiral of the United States Navy, as she broke the traditional bottle of champagne over the bow; and, in a sudden burst of sunshine, the graceful form of the new war-ship glided smoothly off the ways into the historic waters of Staten Island Sound. This inspiring scene has been happily caught by the photographer, whose view includes in the foreground the iron skeleton of the much-talked-of submarine craft now in process of construction at the Crescent Ship-yard, for the government.

The *Annapolis*, named after Maryland's Colonial capital, the seat of the United States Naval Academy, was designed by Naval Constructor-in-Chief Hichborn, and built by Lewis Nixon. She belongs to the new group of composite armed and sheathed war-ships, with sail-power, which are expected to render advantageous service in routine station service and cruising. The type is an economical and useful one, not calling for a higher guaranteed speed than twelve knots.

The principal features of the *Annapolis* are: Length of load water-line, one hundred and sixty-eight feet; beam, extreme, at load water-line, thirty-six feet; draught, normal, at bottom of keel, twelve feet; displacement, normal (about), one thousand tons; indicated horse-power (estimated), eight hundred; speed, twelve knots; coal supply, total bunker capacity, two hundred and thirty-eight tons. The frames, or ribs, are of steel, with an outside plating of similar metal extending from the berth-deck line, a point about four feet below the water-line, up to the top of the sides, or hammock berthing. From the keel up to this berth-deck line the bottom and bilges are unplated, but covered instead by heavy pine planking, which continues on further and laps the metal plating to a height of twenty odd inches above the water-line.

The armament is composed of a main battery of six four-inch rapid-fire rifles, and a secondary battery of four six-pounder and two one-pounder rapid-fire guns.

The engine is of the three-cylindrical, vertical, triple-expansion sort, having cylinders of fifteen and one-quarter, twenty-five and one-half, and thirty-six inches diameter, with a common stroke of thirty inches. These engines are calculated to make one hundred and fifty revolutions a minute, developing eight hundred indicated horse-power, and driving the craft at a speed of twelve knots. When under sail alone the engines will be uncoupled, allowing the shafting and screw to revolve freely. The *Annapolis* will have boilers supplying steam at a working pressure of two hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch.

## In Cuba's Fields of War.

THE military situation in Cuba at the opening of the new year may be summed up as follows: General Weyler is in Pinar del Rio, in the western part of the island, with a powerful army of sixty thousand men, arrayed against Luis Rivera, the able successor of Maceo in chief command of the Cuban army (about eight thousand men) in that stronghold of the revolutionists; while General Maximo Gomez, who has been for some time past "lying low" in the east, is now understood to be sweeping westward with all the force at his command—perhaps fifteen thousand—in the direction of Havana and Pinar del Rio, where he may be eventually expected to unite with Rivera, with a chance of destroying the Spanish columns between the two insurgent armies.

Weyler's present campaign of devastation and murder in the west is one of unparalleled atrocity, the captain-general having grown desperate at his failure to proclaim Pinar del Rio "pacified," notwithstanding the death of Maceo. The best part of his army is kept busy with Rivera in the province of Pinar del Rio

alone, leaving the country immediately around Havana unprotected and exposed to constant raids by the insurgent guerrilla bands.

The protracted absence of that grand old warrior, Gomez, from the arena of action, has been generally interpreted as indicating a wise policy to husband the resources of the revolution during the rainy season and gather strength to strike an effective blow when the critical moment shall arrive. The systematic destruction of the sugar and tobacco industries—Spain's principal source of revenue from the island—has already had the desired effect of paralyzing her financial "sinews of war," while at the same time tending to help the chances of American intervention in favor of Cuba. Gomez has practically held undisputed possession of the best part of the country in the eastern provinces for a year past, accumulating supplies, drilling soldiers, maintaining hospitals and even schools, and making thorough preparations for the grand raid westward which is now under way. Undoubtedly it was with a view to meeting and combining with this advance that the invincible Maceo crossed the western trocha and started eastward on the movement which brought Weyler precipitately into the field. The eastern trocha, on the borders of Puerto Principe, and crossing the island at its narrowest point (between Moron and Jucaro), does not appear to have seriously obstructed the progress of Gomez.

## An Exposure of Dishonest Gambling.

(Continued from page 28.)

gamblers as well as "crooked" ones, but after seeing with what ease Mr. Quinn, by sleight-of-hand or manipulation of his tools and implements, controls the results of the betting, it will be hard to convince one that there exist professional gamblers above the temptation of resorting to such devices when the game is only worth the candle. One after the other the veteran takes up the time-honored games of the gambling-joint—faro, hazard, roulette, poker, and keno—and beats your guesses every time. His faro card-holder is apparently of the ordinary kind, yet by pressure of an unseen spring he transforms it into a device which permits him to change the color of the cards at his own sweet will; he allows you to examine dice-box and dice, to convince you that the former is of the regulation make and that the latter are not loaded, and yet right upon this he throws five aces! The roulette-wheel, of which the closest examination fails to reveal a suspicious feature, remains as much under his control as the other mediums; while as to poker, he proves that, thanks to devices known as "shiners," "strippers," "hold-outs," and marked cards, the "sucker" is entirely at the gambling-house dealer's mercy.

I hardly know which interested me more, the exposures themselves or the impression they created on the audience. Apart from the few who were intent on learning the secrets of the profession, and who, it is needless to say, went away disappointed, the spectators looked on in open-eyed wonder, and at the conclusion several announced their intention of signing the "anti-



UNITED STATES GUNBOAT "ANNAPOLIS."—Photograph by Hare.

gambling" pledge, of which blanks were on hand. As one young man remarked in an undertone:

"It'll be a cold day when the boys get me over to Hunter's Point again. I see now how my fifteen plunks and me parted company last week."

## The New-Year Ball.

WITH her ringlets confined in a fillet of gold  
Incusted with diamonds as clear as the dew,  
In a robe of rich satin embroidered with pearls,  
And little white slippers rosetted with blue.  
Pink roses a-droop in her bosom of snow  
(Their delicate petals just ready to fall),  
A laugh on her lip and a tear in her eye,  
At New Year's she danced with the earl at the ball.

He begged for a bud, which she gave with a smile;  
Then he asked for the slender, gloved hand in his own.  
"I will tell you to-morrow," she said with a sigh,  
And a tremulous break in her silvery tone.

It was not of his turreted castle she thought,  
Where the swords of his ancestors hung on the wall,  
But a youth who was waiting without in the frost  
Of the New Year, and watching the lights of the ball.

She folded her form in a mantle of fur,  
And hooded with velvet the gems in her hair,  
And stole from the revels, a shadow in gray,  
But dropped as she went the pink rose on the stair.  
It was found by the earl in the amethyst dawn,  
When he sought her in vain through the garden and hall.  
For she fled with the lodge-keeper's penniless son  
On the night of the New Year—the belle of the ball!

MINNA IRVING.

## NEGRO EDUCATION AT THE SOUTH.



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

WHEN the well-known apostle of what might be termed the "advanced negro" arose before an audience of thousands, white and black, at the opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta and said "the opportunity just now is worth infinitely more to the negro than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera-house," he was

given an ovation and applauded by an entire continent. In this well-turned utterance of Professor Booker T. Washington the solution of the race problem is found in a nutshell, and it is along this line that all the angularities of the once dreaded issue are being smoothed down with most satisfactory results. The Southern States are realizing more and more each year the necessity of aiding the negroes to become more enlightened, that they may more capably meet the responsibilities of citizenship. Colleges are being built and maintained by legislative appropriations in addition to the vast amounts given through the free-school systems in the various States of the "black belt" for the education of the race. One of the States to take the lead in this was Georgia, and there is a complete university for negroes established at Savannah, as a branch of the State University at Athens, which is accomplishing wondrous results in advancing the colored youth of that State. This school and the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, over which Professor Booker T. Washington presides, may be taken as leading institutions on the new plan of teaching the colored youth of the South the higher arts in all trades which involve rare skill and mastery of the sciences.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, located at Tuskegee, Alabama, was first planted by Hampton graduates in 1881. The school was opened in an old church and shanty with one teacher and thirty students, and has been from the first under the control of colored teachers. It is managed by a board of undenominational trustees. There is no mortgage on any part of the property. During the fifteen years' existence of the school it has grown in the matter of attendance until there are now eight hundred young men and women and seventy-five instructors. The students come from twenty different States and Territories, but the majority of them reside in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Florida, and have their homes on the cotton plantations; and it is those who reside on these plantations that the Tuskegee Institute aims principally to reach and help.

The Tuskegee school has the advantage of being located right among the masses of the people it seeks to elevate. It is in the "black belt" of Alabama, in the midst of "a dense, ignorant, and fast-increasing negro" population, that has had very little done for it in the past. The town of Tuskegee, with a population of two thousand five hundred, is in the eastern centre of Alabama, being, practically, on the Western Railroad of Alabama—one hundred and thirty-six miles south of Atlanta, and forty miles east of Montgomery.

When the school was opened, ten years ago, it did not own a foot of land, or anything that could be termed property. For a year and a half the teaching was done in the church and shanty furnished by the people of Tuskegee. Soon it was found that an abandoned farm of one hundred acres on the edge of Tuskegee could be secured at a very low price for a permanent location. This was purchased and presently paid for by the efforts of friends of the enterprise. The school has gradually increased its possessions till it now owns, chiefly through the generosity of Northern friends, two thousand and forty acres of land, largely wood-land, though there are six hundred and fifty acres in yearly cultivation. Including all the buildings, large and small, owned by the school, there are now thirty-eight, and, excepting two of the smallest, all have been built during the fifteen years. A conservative estimate places the value of property at two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. Of the buildings on the grounds, all but one have been built wholly or partly by the students. While erecting these buildings many students have been taught the trades required in their erection.

Beginning with farming, the industries have gradually grown as demanded, and now there are twenty-five industries in operation. For its support the Tuskegee school depends on State aid, aid from the Slater and Peabody funds, donations from generous individuals and organizations, and cash payments made by students.

The Georgia State Industrial College for colored youth was built by the State out of its own pocket, under the provisions of a bill that passed the Georgia Legislature in 1890, appropriating money for the purpose. At first the amount appropriated was only eight thousand dollars, which was to be considered as simply a fund for the running expenses of the college during its first year, several cities having already expressed a willingness to give, free

of charge, a site for the college and temporary buildings for service during the first two or three years.

Savannah was chosen as the site of the college, and the work was pushed forward to a speedy culmination. Tuition is absolutely free. More than this, it is a law at the college that the dormitories on the campus shall board the negro students at seven dollars per month, all rents of buildings being free to the proprietors of these dormitories. Each student is allowed to work at five cents an hour, or forty cents a day of eight hours, while attending the college, in payment of his board, and in this way is enabled to earn his board in seventeen and one-half days for the entire month, all the while carrying on his regular studies. Thus it is seen that education at the college for the negro youth is about as free as education ever gets to be. The student



GEORGIA INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE—PRINCIPAL SCHOOL BUILDING, BOGGS'S HALL.

is admitted to every department of the college free of tuition fees. There are several well-conducted departments, and all of the members of the faculty are able and intellectual colored men. President R. R. Wright is one of the best known and most useful colored citizens of the State of Georgia, having always labored for the uplifting of his race. He has charge of the discipline and the government of the college on the campus, and is, besides, professor of English, mental and moral philosophy. There is a splendid library at the college, free to the use of all students, a department of natural science, of mechanics, of agriculture, and so forth. Spreading all around the campus is a great farm for teaching practical agriculture to the colored students, and from this particular department young colored men are going out annually, better prepared for their field of labor at the South—the agricultural field. Recently a very considerable enlargement was made to the college when a department of technology was added, putting it in reach of every student to learn a trade. From this department will be graduated many well-trained carpenters, blacksmiths, mechanics, and industrial artists, made perfectly familiar with all the higher planes of labor heretofore not open to the negro race at the South by reason of a lack of skill in the science of industrial pursuits.

The State of Georgia certainly deserves praise if in this movement she has found the wisest and most speedy solution to the much-talked-of race problem at the South. Heretofore there have been virtually but two professions open for what has all along been termed "the educated negro"—teaching and preaching. From some little cheap bush-arbor school in the wild woods young negroes would go forth and call themselves educated. They could not enter the professions. They could not be lawyers, for they knew nothing of law. They could not be dentists, for that required higher knowledge than they could ever gain. They could not wrestle with the profound mysteries of the medical science, for that required special university educa-

tion. Consequently they went forth to teach another little bush-arbor school about on a plane with the one from which they had been graduated, or to preach a narrow and misconceived faith of religion from the Bible which they could barely read. This had a double effect of largely increasing negro schools in the State, which, according to laws establishing the common-school system, drew money out of the State treasury on the same basis of white schools, taking the young negro laborers from the farms to fly at scattering fancies of "book larnin'," and at the same time forcing white children to stay on the farm in place of the young colored laborers, sacrificing their opportunities of getting an education for the paltry living they had to dig out of their parents' acres. This brought on complications. The negro race was getting no real benefit, for the race was being educated only to what might be considered a harmful degree. On the contrary, the white children of the State were growing up in ignorance, thus kept out of the schools. Not only in Georgia did this apply, or does it apply now. It is an experience in every Southern State.

The starting-point for colored schools in Georgia was Savannah. There, in the splendid old mansion of Mr. Green, a British subject, the first conference between whites and blacks for the intellectual elevation of negroes was held the latter part of December, 1864. Strangely enough, this house is now the residence of Peter W. Mel-drim, chairman of the commission of the Georgia Negro University.

The movement for the higher education of the negro race was thus started thirty years ago in the same city where now is to be found a spacious campus, on which

are handsome buildings for the education of the colored youth of Georgia.

## Good News for Asthma Sufferers.

WE are glad to announce that the Kola Plant, recently discovered on the Congo River, West Africa, has proved itself a sure cure for asthma, as claimed at the time. We have the testimony of ministers of the gospel, doctors, business men, and farmers, all speaking of the marvelous curative power of this new discovery. Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, writes that he could not lie down night or day, from asthma, and the Kola Plant cured him at once. Rev. G. Ellsworth Stump, pastor of the Congregational Church at Newell, Iowa, was cured by it of asthma of twenty years' standing, and many others give similar testimony. To prove to you beyond doubt its wonderful curative power, the Kola Importing Company, No. 1164 Broadway, New York, will send a large case of the Kola Compound free by mail to every reader of LESLIE'S WEEKLY who suffers from any form of asthma. In return they only ask that you tell your neighbors of it when cured yourself. This is very fair, and we advise all sufferers from asthma to send for the case. It costs you nothing.

# ROYAL

The absolutely pure

## BAKING POWDER

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



A NEW PORTRAIT OF OLGA NETHERSOLE.



JULIA MARLOWE-TABER AS "PRINCE HAL" IN "HENRY IV."  
Photograph by Morrison.



AN ENGLISH PORTRAIT OF JULIA ARTHUR.  
Photograph by Baker's Art Gallery.



THE PRINCIPAL SCENE IN "THE WIFE OF TABARIN."—Photograph by Pach Brothers.

### Some Notes of the Stage.

IN addition to the photographic reproduction of a scene from the tragic play, "The Wife of Tabarin," written by Catulle Mendes and translated by Mr. Hornblow, a play recently produced by the alumni of Mr. Sargent's excellent

dramatic school at the Carnegie Lyceum, we present new pictures of Julia Marlowe-Taber, Olga Nethersole, and Julia Arthur. Of Mrs. Marlowe-Taber all of us are proud, and of Miss Arthur also. This feeling as to Miss Arthur is likely to grow, as she recently, in London, played *Lady Anne* to Irving's *Richard III.* in the place of Ellen Terry, and at her next opportunity will probably add new laurels

to those she won on the boards at home. To Miss Nethersole a fresh interest attaches, as she is about, it is reported, to take a new part and become the wife of a medical man in the East India service. We also present pictures of Alice Pierce, the young girl now playing with Mr. Mansfield. Her claim to notice and her prospect of fame are duly considered on another page.



ALICE PIERCE AS BERNHARDT.



ALICE PIERCE AS REJANE.  
Photographs by Pach Brothers.



ALICE PIERCE AS THE "PRINCE OF WALES" IN  
"RICHARD III."

### PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

**PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA**

**MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS  
PABST HAS MADE IT SO**

**MAY FLOWER**

**PABST MILWAUKEE**

**MOTHERS' MILK.**

A young mother, flushed with perfect health and strength, said as she exhibited, with pride her baby, "I must confess that my present health and the almost phenomenal development and good health of baby are due to the use of

**PABST MALT EXTRACT,**  
The "Best" Tonic.

The necessity of feeding the child, was such a tax on me at first that I became nervous, weak and exhausted. "Best" Tonic was recommended. I took it and began to build at once. Baby began to show the effects within a week. I continued its use for months, until I went out into the country and neglected to take my tonic with me. I lost fifteen pounds in six weeks and could scarcely feed baby. Since returning, some three weeks ago, I have again been taking "Best" Tonic. I have gained six pounds and the little one is again progressing. Just think, he is nineteen months old, weighs 32 pounds, and I have not weaned him yet."

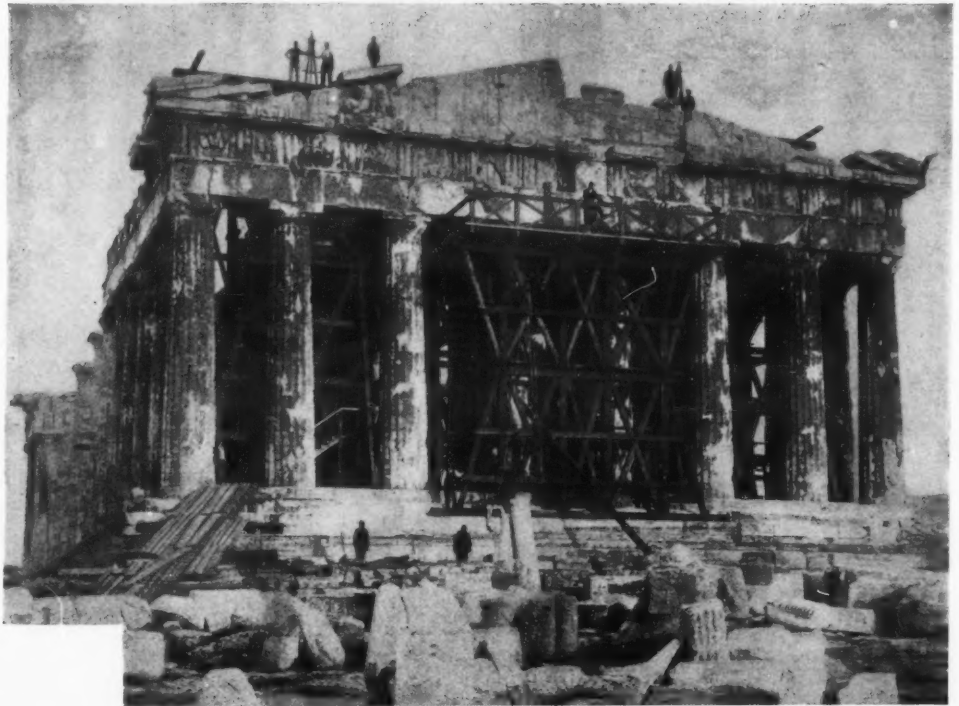
Let every mother apply this to her own experience and at least give The "Best" Tonic a trial. If not for her own sake, for that of her child. Let her provide for baby as nature says every mother should. "Best" Tonic at Druggists 25c.

BINNER CHI.



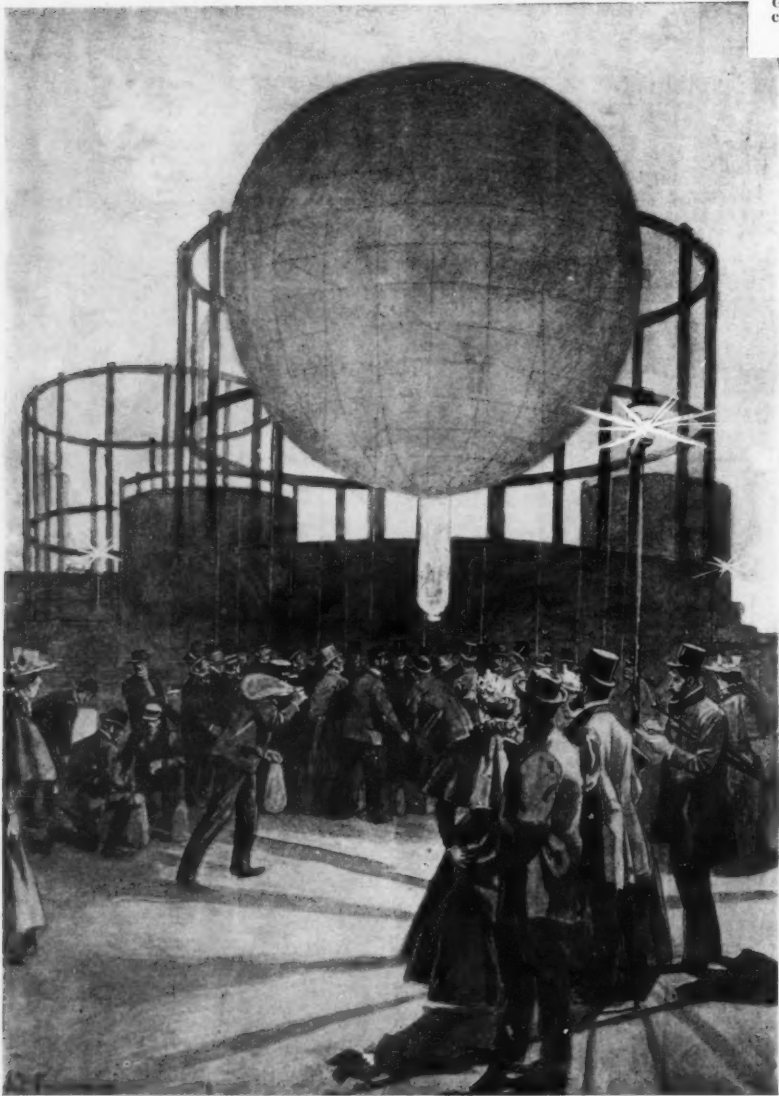
This officer, commanding the Spanish column in the attack where Maceo was reported killed, has been promoted by General Weyler, and so conspicuously identified with what the world calls the murder of the Cuban leader.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANCISCO CIRUJEDA.—*La Ilustracion Espanola y Americana*.



The Acropolis of Athens, where stand the noblest architectural relics of ancient Greece, has been placed by King George under the control of distinguished archaeologists, who are taking practical steps for the preservation of the classic ruins.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.—*L'Illustration*.



The latest product of French genius in the field of aerial navigation is shown in this picture, which represents the new air-ship in the process of inflation with gas, at La Villette, Paris.

INFLATION OF THE "AÉROPHILE."—*Le Monde Illustré*.



The schools for the education of children of officers of the Legion of Honor are at St. Denis, in the environs of Paris. The view here given shows the reception-room.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, PARIS.—*L'Illustration*.



The waters of the deluge subsided as suddenly as they had risen, leaving a track of death and destruction through a thickly-populated suburb of Athens.

THE BED OF THE ILISSUS, AFTER THE SUBSIDING OF THE FLOOD.  
*Illustrated London News*.



Violent thunderstorms caused the overflow of the stream Ilissus and flooding of the low-lying district around it. The monument in the foreground of the picture is the Obelisk of Phalerum.

THE PIRÆUS AND SUBURBS OF ATHENS DURING THE RECENT FLOODS.  
*Illustrated London News*.

A NERVOUS official, having received an invitation for the trial trip of one of Uncle Sam's new war-vessels, refused to embark unless provided with a return ticket.

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**LEGAL NOTICES.** ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 15th day of December, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation and entry of the assessment for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named street in the 12th WARD: 134th STREET, between Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard. **ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, December 18th, 1896.**

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